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Stride of the Life-runner



👁 101 ✓ 3 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Kevin Kan

People have always judged him. He gave as much as he could to others yet they still, without hesitation, judged him.

He was always shackled in the rules of his creators, he never knew what made him truly happy. Day by day, people came and left, yet he could not see one person who would faithfully stay by his side.

His soul felt siphoned into an abyss. Every fragment of happiness shattered even smaller to the fraction of an atom, until it almost seemed non-existent.

He woke up one day with the thought of running away, from everything and everyone, starting his life anew. He didn't care where or how, he just to cast himself away. Without hesitation, he grabbed everything he thought he would need.

Passport. Check.

Credit card. Check.

clothes. Check.

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The necklace that his parents gave him was lost, it would serve as a reminder that he never forgot who he was or

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He tied his shoes, and ran.

Chapter 2 by Spirit



He ran, and didn't stop.

He couldn't stop, he refused, He had come this far. It was the turning point, this was it. He hadn't felt so invigorated about anything for a long time. It was just depression, loneliness, sorrow. This feeling, this rush, it was all new for him. He hadn't felt emotions this positive for a long time, and he loved it.

One foot in front of another, the soft patting of his feet against the street echoed through the darkness. His breath trailed out of his mouth into the warm summer air. No, he wouldn't stop running. Not until he was far, far away from his family. Far away from everyone that had oppressed him. He would create a new life, a better life.

He wouldn't stop.

He refused.

Chapter 3 by widyais



He passed hundreds of gas stations, countless trees, as well as street lights. Still, with the same determination he had when he first set foot outside of his house, he ran.

The more he ran, the more free he feels. He has lost track on how many cities he passed already. But he knew that he had gone far. Each landscape change invigorates him, gives him a new sense of purpose.

'I ran not because I chase something. Nor it is because I want to leave anything behind. I ran to live!' he tells himself repeatedly.

Dawns inspire him. Evenings strengthen his will. Hills call to him. Valleys invite him. This is how life should be, he thought.

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Chapter 4 by arware



He could have lived the rest of his life in the city, but he didn't. He had it not been for the sycophants. Of course no incredible expression of individual human achievement goes

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unchecked by the mass. Inspired or jealous, they joined his side as he ran, on bikes and motorbikes, in cars, and some on foot trying to match his pace. He could not weave or dodge away from them. He couldn't run fast enough for that. And their words of encouragement and otherwise started weighing on his mind and muscles.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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